THE NEW REPUBLIC

"Judge, I Told That Boy"

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Two-Time Losers and Winners

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Must Chessman Die?

The Editors

March 28, 1960, 25 cents

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

The Morning After

★ This could be the dirtiest campaign since 1928, involving race, religion and so-called radicalism. Fights for succession are apt to be deadly and in this case after sleep-walking with Eisenhower for eight years the nation faces a brutal awakening, seeking his successor.

Race can't be kept out of it. Southern Negroes are stirring gradually but massively, offering tempting war cries for politicians both North and South. American newspapers would be rushing top correspondents to India or Africa if this absorbing social revolution were occurring there, and would fill the editorial pages with sympathy. But this colonialism is internal. In any event, the passive Gandhi-like tactics make a creeping tide, nibbling at old landmarks and lunch counters or what not. High school boys, too young to vote, are becoming folk martyrs. Southern racists will discover what British imperialists learned – prisons don't stop tides.

Religion, too, is a political factor this year. Maybe it will be here for a good many years to come. It probably helped Kennedy in New Hampshire and may again in Wisconsin (where the first hate literature appeared last week). But whether Senator Kennedy is nominated in 1960 or not the issue with all its overtones seems here to stay.

The radical right is stirring again, too. One thing Eisenhower did – he anesthetized the radical right as deeply as any other group; the isolationists, patrioteers, Wesley Powells and Goldwaters were as frustrated as anybody. But now they too see the era ending and are striking for power. Senator Goldwater has denounced Eisenhower frontally; the crackpot fringe may rally around him. The slogans are – "Keep the Connally Amendment!" "No Arms Deal with Moscow!" "Support the Right-to-work Act!" "Crush Cuba!"

Most serious issue of all, perhaps, because it touches the pocket-book nerve, is how to fill eight years arrears in social repairs: money for schools, housing, health, roads, yes, and defense. Almost certainly this means higher taxes, because taxation is the vehicle which diverts private consumption into public consumption, tail fins into school houses. Anybody can see the enormous stakes involved in this transition. Eisenhower, the man who lulled the nation to sleep, is departing. There's nobody like him in sight, Republican or Democrat. The public will have to resume the neglected task of public debate; of thinking for itself. A grim prospect.

"Here We Go Again!"

★ It's queer how you remember minor details all your life; things that you could never quite get down on paper or explain to a friend, a smile, a glance, an expression. We think we shall always recall the queer little murmur that went up from the reporters at Eisenhower's press conference last week as he rejected leadership and moral responsibility in replying to questions about the Southern sit-down strikes. The murmur was like a sigh, definitely audible; it would be too much to say that it expressed indignation; it was more like an incredulous "Here we go again!" as it registered disbelief. How could the President scramble out of this one, it seemed to ask? And yet he did it, without giving spiritual guidance, or addressing the nation. We looked up at him and there he stood, rosy and benign and kindly as he struggled through a series of questions; questions into which reporters put a kind of hopeless appeal, an appeal that he take his place in history.

He said he was "not in a position" to make a judgment on the sit-down strikes and that he "knew about these things" only "as they come briefly to my attention." Then like a tired swimmer who feels something solid beneath his feet, he climbed up onto one of his own verities. "I am one of those who believe there is too much [Federal] interference in our private affairs . . . I would like to diminish rather than increase it." A well-meaning, benevolent, kindly man, hearing history knock and not answering; and only a little murmur from a roomful of fellow newsmen to remind us of it for the rest of our life.

On Slapping Butler

★ A man named Lee Porter, an assistant of GOP chairman Thruston Morton, has written a memo for guidance of Republican leaders in the South and is so proud of it that he has circulated it to the press. Dixiecrats, he says, are ready to bolt over civil rights, and how can we "best develop a maximum Republican effort in the South in order to capitalize fully on the rebellion against radicalism which Butler's plans are creating?" The Butler referred to, of course, is Democratic Chairman Paul Butler.

We had every intention of slapping at Butler this week: he committed the outrageous indiscretion of telling reporters that he thought Kennedy would get the Democratic nomination, and of doing so under circumstances bound to leak. But it is hard to attack Butler when, in his tactless way, he is the liberal mainspring in the Democrats' party machinery. Porter, by contrast, seems without convictions at all: his party of Lincoln is appealing to Negroes in the North while he quietly appeals to Dixiecrats in the South.

Latin American Sequel

★ An amusing little sequel to Eisenhower's Latin American goodwill tour came last week when both chambers of the Puerto Rican legislature angrily voted to register their protest at the President's "improper" intervention in the domestic affairs of the island. Puerto Rico is not a colony, it is a Commonwealth, with a relationship to the US like that of Canada to England. Eisenhower on his flight back from Puerto Rico gave a free ride to a politician running against the brilliant Governor Luis Munoz Marin, and told Puerto Ricans he would vote for him – a situation similar to Macmillan coming to Canada and suggesting voters should oust the government.

The man President Eisenhower complacently backs wants statehood; Munoz Marin wants continued Commonwealth status.

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Must Chessman Die?

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A lot of people never had any patience with Caryl Chessman, and a lot more have lost what little they had. The reason commonly assigned is that Chessman has been playing around with the judicial system; he has been tricking it somehow, cheating it, taking unfair advantage of it by abusing its benign weaknesses. Chessman is, in short, a very bad loser, and it has thus become doubly imperative that he not be allowed to win. A variation which commends itself to the *Los Angeles Times* is that "one atrocious and clever criminal" has "called into question our judicial system and brought discredit to our laws." Consequently, it is no longer necessary to kill Chessman merely because he must in dying expiate robbery, near-rape and other indecencies and be a deterring example to others; it is now essential to kill him in order to revalidate our system of justice that he has brought into disrepute by his stratagems. He must die that we the people may remain content with our laws and our courts.

It will be said that Chessman is not to be *killed*. That is a loaded word. He is to be executed. That, of course, is an emptied word, a euphemism. It is clear at any rate that Chessman's life is to be taken by the State of California, acting through its human agents. The Governor of the state, acting humanely and bravely (for which he was scorned and admonished for grandstanding or "caving in under political pressure"), has been repudiated by his legislators, who have decreed that capital punishment shall remain on the statute books. A great many people, among whom we count ourselves, are convinced that this is both wrong and unwise, regardless of what grounds it is done on or in what circumstances. But we shall not pursue that here, because in our judgment one's view of capital punishment is not the decisive point in the Chessman case.

It might have been in 1948, when the sentence was imposed. Much has happened since, however, as Dan H. McCullough pointed out in our letter columns last week. Thus, the stenographer who took down what was said at Chessman's trial died before he was able to transcribe something like two-thirds of his notes. The remainder of the notes were transcribed with dubious accuracy by a man related by marriage to Chessman's prosecutor. At the hearing in 1949 at which a record of the trial was assembled from this transcription and from recollection, the judge who had sentenced Chessman denied him permission to be present. And Chessman has ever since been litigating issues bottomed on this extraordinary course of events, as well as other questions that he

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and his lawyers have had, if you please, the ingenuity to raise. Seven times it seemed as if the process of litigation had run its course, and Chessman was told that he must die on a certain date. But the courts were not quite through with him yet. The eighth time, Governor Brown granted a stay for 60 days, which is up on April 19.

This is the well-known story, and what difference does it make? The difference is that it is a story of the infliction of a punishment which, capped with death, goes far beyond torture in harshness, indeed in brutality. To this, the out-of-patience answer is made that the torture was self-inflicted by a shrewd criminal exploiting "technicalities" of the judicial process. And there is the heart of the matter. Who abused whom? For whose sake were all these years consumed in arriving at the answers? Chessman's or society's?

The chief difficulty concerned the transcript of the trial. It was needed because California provides an appeal in cases like this, and of course requires a transcript so there will be something for the appellate court to decide upon. Appeals are prescribed because the State of California is not an impersonal abstraction; it is people – legislators, governors, judges – who fear for their souls and who therefore, before committing the terrible and irrevocable act of killing, want to make sure, strive to make even surer than humanly sure, that the killing is just; that is to say, that it is justifiable within the received tradition. And they want to spread the responsibility for this judgment. Legal killing, like all killing, is a personal act. It can be made tolerable to those obliged to perform it only after they have struggled to make it impersonal. That, being ultimately not quite possible, can take a long time.

If California did not feel it could rely on the astuteness of the Chessmans and the Bar to raise such points as Chessman and his lawyers have raised, and ask for such delays as Chessman obtained, California would have to invent someone or something to do it; else legal killing could be done only by killers in the loaded sense of the word, not by decent men who suffer doubts and crave reassurance. Owing to accident and error, it has taken 12 years in this case for California to summon up the certitude that a man may be put to a "just" death. It is nothing short of perverse to turn this process into a reproach against the condemned man.

Killing Chessman today is a punishment infinitely more ghastly than killing him in 1948. It is also from every consideration, moral and prudential, infinitely less justifiable. Yet it may be done. As in Sacco-Vanzetti, who were convicted in 1921 and, after many delays, executed in 1927, the totally irrational feeling has come upon people that the choice is between the condemned man and their institutions, that to allow the former to continue the fight for his life in the courts is to threaten the latter, and that the only way to stop him is to kill him. It may be done, but it will never be forgotten.

While Congress Debates

Strange things are happening. Militant civil rights leaders in the North find themselves lagging behind the pace Southern Negroes are setting. Undergraduates in Northern white colleges find themselves volunteering for picket lines and soliciting funds to support the "sit ins" in the South, just as though they weren't the "apathetic generation." Leaders of both political parties in Congress are vying for credit for the Civil Rights bill of 1960 that is now being packaged. And at least one Southern state and several cities have taken up the President's belated suggestion that they form local biracial commissions to relieve tensions stemming from the growing protest movement against segregation.

Convictions of many of the estimated 1,000 demonstrators who have been arrested throughout the South for trespassing or refusing to leave lunch rooms on request have created legal problems for which Thurgood Marshall and the lawyers of the NAACP Legal Defense Fund were not prepared. An emergency conference of Negro and white lawyers in Washington last weekend, however, pledged legal aid to all who seek it and agreed upon courtroom strategy. For the moment, defense attorneys do not plan to challenge established precedent in American courts that privately-owned establishments may segregate lunch counters or other facilities if they choose. They will concentrate instead on the fact that in most of the current arrest cases law enforcement officials were called in to break up the demonstrations – in violation of the First and 14th Amendments to the Constitution. The Legal Defense Fund has set aside $40,000 of its small treasury to start the test cases moving, and there is every sign that adult Negro communities in the South intend to back their young people so far as they are able (in Nashville $40,000 bail money was raised in 24 hours when 75 University students were jailed for a lunch counter demonstration). And so the traditional leaders are getting into step with young Negro Southerners. But they will have to keep moving to stay there.

Negro student leaders like the role of pacesetters and intend to advance as rapidly as they can on their own – let the lawyers keep up with *them*. "The young people are tired of the moderate statesmanlike approach," NAACP president Roy Wilkins told a national television audience last Sunday. "They are even a little tired of the legal approach." And the report comes from many campuses that they are also a little tired of having their goals sometimes interpreted to white leaders by elders of the Negro community as more "moderate" than they really are.

Atlanta saw a striking example of this new preference for a direct approach to communication between the races on March 9 when students of the city's six Negro colleges published full-page ads in Atlanta's two news-

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papers, signed by student-body officers and headed "An Appeal for Human Rights." "The time has come," the ad explains, "for the people of Atlanta and Georgia to take a good look at what is really happening in this country, and to stop believing those who tell us that everything is fine and equal, and that the Negro is happy and satisfied."

"We, the students of the Atlanta University Center, have joined our hearts, minds and bodies in the cause of gaining those rights which are inherently ours as members of the human race and as citizens of these United States. . . . We do not intend to wait placidly for those rights which are already legally and morally ours to be meted out to us one at a time . . . We want to state clearly and unequivocally that we cannot tolerate in a nation professing democracy and among people professing Christianity, the discriminatory conditions under which the Negro is living today in Atlanta – supposedly one of the most progressive cities in the South."

There follows a bill of particulars, a list of seven targets for tomorrow – Equal rights in: education; jobs; housing; voting; hospitals; movies, concerts and restaurants; law enforcement.

The student sit-down protest, the Appeal notes, "like the bus boycott in Montgomery, has shocked many people . . . because they had not quite realized the unanimity of spirit and purpose which motivates the thinking and action of the great majority of the Negroes."

But so that there can be no room for such confusion in the future, the Appeal concludes, "We must say in all candor that we plan to use every legal and non-violent means at our disposal to secure full citizenship rights as members of this great Democracy of ours."

Governor Vandiver dismissed the appeal with the comment that, "Obviously it was not written by students." That it obviously was helps explain the new enthusiasm for the Southern Negro cause at Yale, Harvard, Chicago, Wisconsin, Colorado, Oberlin, Vassar, Bennington and Smith. That and the familiarity the politically acute collegian brings to this situation from his academic knowledge of nationalist movements in India, Ghana and elsewhere. Here is the romance of direct non-violent resistance right at home.

What Congress does about civil rights at this session is not likely to send the sit-down strikers or their northern sympathizers back to their books. The contest between Republicans and Democrats for credit for what is finally passed does not extend to the quality of the law adopted. A majority in both parties will be satisfied with a minimum advance in guaranteeing Negro voting rights. And while this is of no small import it does not seem so to those who have waited so long for so little.

There will still be plenty of work for the bi-racial conciliation commissions President Eisenhower now concedes we should have. (How much difference they might have made in 1954 before the lines were sharply drawn!)

"Let That One Go. He Says He Don't Wanna Be Mah Equal"

And there will be plenty of need for the kind of example Gov. Leroy Collins has set in making Florida the first state to set up such a group and in calling on every Florida town to follow his lead.

Within Reach of a Ban

Whether the de Gaulle government or the Chinese Communists could be drawn into any US-UK-USSR treaty to end or suspend the testing of all nuclear weapons remains to be seen; but at least the chasm between this country and the Soviet Union on a test ban has been enormously narrowed by the latest counter-proposal of the Russians. They would agree to ban high-yield explosions, permitting the monitoring of this ban by multinational inspection teams (though precise agreement on the teams' freedom of movement and their exact composition is not yet reached); and they have accepted the US view that techniques for detecting smaller, underground blasts need refinement and study, pending which tests of all sizes would be suspended. The exact length of time of such a moratorium is a matter for negotiation.

Now it is up to Washington. Will the Administration

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exploit this break-through aggressively, or will it retreat to that familiar, defensive position from which we announce our skepticism, our cautious interest and our need to study the proposal? Within 24 hours of the Soviet announcement in Geneva, James A. Douglas, a Deputy Secretary of Defense, had told a nationwide television audience that "from a defense point of view there are many good reasons for wanting to continue testing."

The general case against a test ban is that there is always something more to be learned, which is as true as saying that a child learns something by playing with fire. Something may be learned from any experience, but is the lesson worth the experience? In this instance, it is not. The uncontrolled testing of nuclear devices by more and more countries is an invitation to destruction and international anarchy of unimaginable proportions.

But what of the particular case for retaining our freedom to test? It is claimed that the US needs to test underground for at least a while longer. Why that is so is classified information. But the implication of the alleged need is, surely, that we must know more than we now know because what we have been able to learn thus far from tests leaves us at a military disadvantage. If it does not, why not stop here? And if it does, the Administration has been far from frank. For we have been assured officially that the US is, if anything, ahead of the Soviet Union in the development of those smaller, tactical nuclear weapons which low-yield, underground tests are designed to improve.

Neither the general nor the particular case for continued testing is sound. Neither explains satisfactorily in what ways the US would be worse off should an agreement prove unworkable and a resumption of tests be required. Both evade the central point: The risks involved in allowing some minor explosions to go undetected while detection studies are underway are far less serious than the risks of permitting every nation to trigger atomic blasts of whatever size whenever and wherever they wish. From every angle, the necessity for pushing hard for an agreement and its subsequent ratification at the Summit in May is evident.

Indonesia after Khrushchev

To a question he regarded as inane at his press conference in Indonesia earlier this month, Mr. Khrushchev answered good humoredly, "as the great Lenin once declared, one foolish man can ask more questions than a hundred wise men could answer." A correspondent reports that the ripple of laughter from the assembled journalists had Mr. K looking like an English vicar presiding happily over a parish tea party. But his Indonesian journey involved more than tea and sympathy. From all accounts, the Soviet Premier never got out of the foothills on a visit that was intended to reach the pinnacle of his Asian junketings. He quickly discovered that despite the size and influence of the local Communist Party and the anti-Western bias of President Sukarno, Indonesia was not to be had for the taking. Army leaders were cool almost to the point of hostility. The crowds, mobilized for the occasion by the Indonesian authorities, were sometimes large but rarely enthusiastic. Dilettante Sukarno, who had listed no less than 14 hours of regional dancing performances for the entertainment of his guest, did not find Khrushchev his dish and chided him jocularly about his personal appearance, and much more importantly and seriously, about the unsuitability of the Communist ideology for Indonesia. Even the much-vaunted Indonesian Communist Party failed to come up to expectations, and at Djogjakarta Khrushchev made some pointed remarks about the need for quality rather than quantity in the party ranks.

Finally, instead of the apparently unlimited credits he hoped to press into the hands of the near-bankrupt Indonesian Government, Khrushchev got rid of only $250 million, a sizable enough sum and the maximum amount the Indonesians felt they could accept without compromising their "active and independent" foreign policy, but scarcely dramatic enough to be regarded as a major coup for the Russians. An early reaction reported among Western embassies in Djakarta was that both the cultural and economic agreements opened the door to large-scale Russian penetration, while the credits themselves were meaningless since the Indonesians lacked the administrative capacity and technical skill to build the contemplated industries; in support of this theory it was noted that the Indonesians had taken up only a small fraction of earlier Soviet credits totaling $117.5 million. Since large numbers of Russian technicians will go to Indonesia only if the credits are spent, these reactions are not wholly consistent. It is nevertheless reasonable to assume that there will soon be increased evidence of Russian Communist – as opposed to Chinese Communist – "cultural" penetration; and at the same time the Russians insist that they intend to make good their promise to move speedily in surveying, building and establishing specific industrial projects and in training Indonesians to run them.

The Indonesian Communists may have had a boost from the visit; against this, the anti-Communist forces have drawn into their ranks many who for years failed to sense the danger. The lines are now clearly drawn. Moreover, the basic causes of the country's unresolved crisis remain. For a time a few weeks ago an American dollar, officially worth 45 rupiahs, fetched 500 on the black market. Threats that black marketeering would be punished by death cut the rate slightly and prices came down when the Army arbitrarily decided to put ceilings on essential clothing and foodstuffs. But these decrees are only stopgaps. Rather than sell at less than cost price, shopkeepers in Djakarta have either returned the

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goods to source, or put up the shutters, while in the rural areas the situation has been aggravated by the decision to drive the Chinese out of retail trade. This decision was understandable, though harsh; but it has hurt the Indonesian people almost as much as it hurt the Chinese retailers, since there is no one with the capital, the skills or the inclination to take over the closed stores. President Sukarno himself directed one catastrophic economic move when he declared all large bank notes to be worth only a tenth of their face value and froze 90 percent of bank balances of more than 25,000 rupiahs (about $555). This led to several suicides and wrecked business; it also checked inflation for about four months by taking out of circulation some 10 billion rupiahs. But since the printing presses have been working overtime to bridge the gap, the situation is now said to be appreciably worse, with more money in circulation than ever before and fewer goods to buy.

Last year the budget deficit reached 22 billion rupiahs, or about half the total expenditure. Despite some wistful official talk about a "near balance" this year, the government will probably spend more and meet its bills by continuing to print bank notes. Forty-five percent of the money is going to the armed forces to fight the Darul Islam in northern Sumatra, west Java and the southern Celebes, Dr. Sjafruddin's rebels in west Sumatra and the northern Celebes and the still lingering "Republic of the south Moluccas" in Ceram. The vast majority of the Indonesian people, inured to hardship and with simple needs that are easily satisfied, do not appear overly concerned with the crisis. But in the cities and among the educated elite there are signs of increasing dissatisfaction which "guided democracy" and government by decree have done little to alleviate.

Butler Bungles

Paul Butler is still on the job, and two-thirds of the Democratic National Committee will not be asking for his resignation as National Chairman. But by his preferential remarks on Democratic candidates, Mr. Butler showed that he has not read, or if he has read he has not understood, his job description. Not since the days of John S. Raskob in the interval between Al Smith's defeat and FDR's nomination in '32 has a Party Chairman so misconstrued his function and so shaken confidence in his impartiality. Raskob was frankly anti-Roosevelt and used his position to further the political interests of Al Smith. Mr. Butler, by volunteering the opinion that Senator Kennedy "would just about nail down the Democratic Presidential nomination" should he win "54 percent or more of the votes in Wisconsin" and take "six of the 10 Congressional districts," gave a hefty shove to the Kennedy bandwagon effort.

The Chairman sought the private meeting with chosen newsmen which produced the story. Nor did he ask that his opinions not be published, only that they be attributed to a "high official." But since he has been around Washington some time, he knows that the anonymity of "leaks" is protected for about 24 hours, if that. This latest indiscretion followed another display of tactlessness only a week earlier when Mr. Butler in effect blamed the President for the deaths of Navy men in the Rio de Janiero plane crash. That outburst of bad taste was bad enough. His intervention in the pre-convention contest is worse. And it is especially distressing to those who have had many opportunities to praise him for his efforts toward a progressive Democratic Party and his firmness in dealing with would-be Southern bolters.

THE SOVIET CITIZEN AS SHOPPER

Buying on Time at GUM's

Moscow

The consumer *kredit* system begun six months ago in 10 Soviet cities has unleashed the greatest shopping spree in Soviet history. Years of propaganda against installment buying (a "capitalist" trick to fleece the consumer) seems to have left no mark. Muscovites alone bought 69 million rubles ($6.9 million at the tourist rate of exchange) worth of goods on credit the first month. GUM – that Victorian relic up on Red Square, said to be the largest department store in the world – disposed of 30 million rubles ($3 million) in credit during a month and a half. The store's trade in radio-phonographs jumped 120 percent with 5,000 more customers per month.

"Our main problem is how to meet the demand to have more products under the system," said Vladimir Georgeovich Kamenev, director of GUM. "How can we put refrigerators and TV sets on credit, when we have a waiting list of customers ready to pay cash in advance?"

We stood high above one of the store's four arcades. The balcony stretched the length of a city block just

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beneath the opaque glass roof. We might have been surveying a busy Victorian railway station. As far as the eye could see below, masses of wintry-looking Russians pushed from shop to shop, arcade to arcade. Around 500,000 customers a day spending 10 million rubles ($1 million), Mr. Kamenev assured me. I felt almost irreverent asking him how installment buying has helped "business."

Installment buying is strictly limited to 16 types of products – such as cameras, fox furs, all kinds of clocks and watches. These are the "luxury items" produced in greater quantity in post-Stalin Russia, but too expensive to purchase in one lump payment. Stocks had begun to accumulate in the warehouses. The authorities had two choices: uneconomic price reductions or consumer credit. They chose the latter.

How the Plan Works

Back in his office, Mr. Kamenev prophesied: "We shall probably put more consumer goods on the installment plan next year, because the party has decreed their increased production." He might have been an American executive – well-cut suit, slightly protruding French cuffs, self-assured and amiable in what the Russians love to call a "business-like" manner. Mikoyan and Khrushchev smiled their affirmation from the wall. Behind us through the attic-like windows, the ochre Kremlin Palace was just visible through the swirling snow over Red Square.

How does the "socialist" installment plan work? The customer simply pays two percent extra if he chooses 12 monthly installments (the maximum), or one percent extra if he pays over six months (the minimum). The store pays this extra out in interest on State Bank loans it needs to purchase extra supplies from factories.

What happens if a customer misses his payments? "Not one case in 20,000," Mr. Kamenev dismissed the question. "Once the product is out of the store, we have no way to retrieve it." Even death is not an excuse for repossession. "If the customer dies, the liability finishes. His heirs are not responsible."

But the system is not quite so trusting as it first sounds. No one gets credit without an official guarantee properly signed and sealed from his place of work. This gives the customer's average wage for the past three months, the number and amount of installments he will make. Just for good measure – and protection against fraud – the State firm provides its own State Bank account number. No one can pledge installments which exceed 50 percent of his monthly salary: the employer must see to that; he keeps the records. But the responsibility of the State employer usually goes further. General practice is to deduct credit payments automatically from the pay packet. They go directly from office to store. If the man changes jobs, the new employer takes over the responsibility. Debt is still a dirty word in the Soviet Union, and the Soviet citizen is still protected against the "Western vice" of mortgaging future livelihood for present luxury.

"If our accounts department has not received payment by the 10th of the month," Mr. Kamenev explained, "we contact the enterprise for an explanation."

Later I walked downstairs to the radio-phonograph department to see the system in operation. Boris Georgeovich Kramov, 35-year-old designer at the Likhachev Automobile Factory, was at the "credit table." Kramov lives with his wife and small son in a communal apartment in old Moscow. He was buying a "Kharkhov" radio-set worth 900 rubles. His salary is 1,000 rubles a month (average Soviet wage – 800 rubles). "We could not afford the set before the credit system," he said.

The girl took the guarantee form. She checked his documents, copied out the payment schedule, and stamped everything.

"Our plant is so large I had to wait longer for that guarantee form," Boris continued. "They had to check the files about my reliability. The same thing happened to my friends. But the factory has to sign the form, providing we meet the requirements."

Next, Some Living Room

We moved to the cashier. Boris made a 25 percent deposit – plus the two percent charge – although he need have put down only 20 percent.

"I made the payments long and low," he explained, "because I also want to buy a hunting gun and several things for my wife on credit."

He took the cashier's slip to the sales counter. A blue-smocked clerk disappeared into the stock room. I asked Boris if he would like to buy a TV set, a refrigerator, or even an automobile on credit?

"Who wouldn't? But first we must have some place to put them. When we get a new flat, we will worry about filling it." He was in the "radio stage."

The clerk reappeared with a heavy cardboard box. Boris took it from the counter, out the door and home.

The Soviet Government has promised that 2.5 million families will move beyond this "radio stage" to new flats next year alone. Already the newspapers have begun to write about setting aside whole store departments for installment buying; *Izvestia*, the government organ, has suggested special "credit" stores. Mr. Kamenev said that GUM will have to establish a special "credit" accounting department for the heavy trade.

This is only the beginning. The Soviet citizen has been promised more. For him, installment buying symbolizes the dawn of a new age, the "age of the consumer," in which the distribution of wealth is as important as its production.

George Sherman

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STEVENSON

In '48, Too, They Said It Couldn't Be Done

by Margaret Halsey

For the people who have never ceased to admire Adlai Stevenson, isn't it time for more talking?

Isn't it time to rebel against an absurdity? – the absurdity of 1960 election gossip that revolves endlessly around the topic of who can get elected and devotes almost no time at all to consideration of who can do the job? Franklin Roosevelt, to be sure, said that it is the first duty of a President to get elected, but Franklin Roosevelt did not say it is the *only* duty.

There is something so ironic as to be almost farcical in the apparent helplessness of the United States to take care of its own political needs. The one Presidential possibility who could restore American prestige abroad and who would not be an earn-while-you-learn Executive at home is way off at the periphery of public attention – indeed, way off in South America – while gossip and speculation center on candidates who – like Rupert Brooke's curates at Grantchester –

"... come and go,
On lissome, clerical, printless toe."

Among professional observers of the political scene the notion seems to be fairly general that Adlai Stevenson is the one man who could really handle the job of the Presidency. In October, 1952, Walter Lippmann discerned elements of greatness in the Democratic candidate, and seven years later – in January, 1959 – the White House reporters on David Susskind's *Open End* television show arrived at much the same conclusion.

But Harry Truman dismisses a Stevenson candidacy on the ground that the Governor is "a two-time loser"; and whatever poignant regret this assertion may cause in some liberal hearts, few voices have challenged the former President's perspective.

That perspective, however, is not unassailable. "Two-time loser" does not tell the whole story. What of the two-time winner? Is he riding in triumph through Persepolis? What aura – what penumbra – surrounds the General who defeated the Governor in '52 and '56?

One has only to ask the question to become aware of the larger frame of reference which Mr. Truman leaves out of account. Politically, the United States is not a happy ship at the moment, and there is no longer anyone whom the golden glow of success irradiates and transforms. Even that erstwhile Shropshire Lad of the GOP, Richard Nixon, has been finding some brooks too broad for leaping. As a matter of fact, persons in a rebellious frame of mind might effectively argue that Adlai Stevenson – trusted and esteemed abroad and positively yearned for by a section of the electorate at home – is the nearest thing to a political success that volatile America has produced of late.

To a Stevenson enthusiast feeling angry about wasted talent and political absurdity, the most questionable part of the Truman "two-time loser" dictum is its unconscious assumption that the electorate in 1960 will be exactly the same electorate that voted in 1956.

Maybe it will. Maybe (to transpose the Marxists a bit) opiate is the religion of the masses.

But the point is arguable.

There is as sound a basis for assuming that the voters of 1960 will be a little chastened, a little different in taste and inclination, a little altered in their view of the Presidency, as there is for assuming that nothing can change them. And if they are at all changed – if events have got through to them at all – then Stevenson has the advantage of fame, which is more than can be said for Mr. Truman's reported choice among The Curates.

But does the rebellious Stevensonian – impatient for the resumption of serious government –have any room in which to maneuver? Is there any way of coping with the "He-can't-win" stereotype? One possible way might be to take a less over-awed view of the voters. Could the current thinking of many liberals about the Presidency be roughly paraphrased, the paraphrase might go as follow: "God knows, *I* want a mature and competent and experienced man in the White House, but look at all those light-minded fellows down the street. They want some kind of political Frank Sinatra ... and they have more votes than I do."

But those light-minded fellows down the street, in the magnitude of their folk wisdom, have given us two

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MARGARET HALSEY *wrote the widely-circulated article on Nixon ("Beware the Tender Trap") in* The New Republic *of Jan. 13, 1958. "Confronted with a potential President of such a stripe," she concluded, "we can lock up the spoons and the Constitution and treat morality with enough high seriousness to get the humorists out of hock and fetch the writers of comedy back from exile."*

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go-rounds of Eisenhower and at this point even *they* are a little daunted. Now is the time to take them by their pointed lapels and talk sense.

How, after all, are climates of opinion created? Not just by the nominated candidate himself – obediently going through the fertility rites prescribed by Madison Avenue. Climates of opinion are also created by people stubbornly expressing feelings they have never had any reason to abandon. Feelings, in fact, which they have seen increasingly justified by the turn of events.

If the United States were a parliamentary democracy, Adlai Stevenson would have become Prime Minister after the Democratic victory in 1958. Or maybe even earlier. It is not the fault of our form of government, however, but rather a sign of the political nihilism into which we have lapsed that most commentators – with only a few notable exceptions – speak of Governor Stevenson as just one of the ruck of Democratic Presidential possibles – and a dark horse at that!

Why this instinctive and unconscious attempt to cut down to Curate level a man who has been spoken of more than once as a near-great? Why? It is the persistence of the Eisenhower influence. The Eisenhower hulk has been cut adrift and is floating gently out of sight; but the total confusion in the President's mind between *consumer* and *voter* has spread to many other people's minds – including, sometimes, those of liberals.

The two things are not the same.

A consumer is never wrong. A consumer relates to a producer or a seller, and the relationship is without one scintilla of equality. The consumer is king in Babylon, and the producer a Christian slave. A voter, on the other hand, relates to a candidate, and the current goes both ways. It is the candidate's responsibility to have the right qualifications. It is equally the voter's responsibility to recognize them.

The confusion between consumer and voter has become so pervasive that after the 1956 election, Democrats and liberals themselves sometimes complained dourly that their candidate had "lost" the Patagonian or the Montenegrin vote. The implication was clear, and it was pure consumer-thinking. There must have been some slick if slightly disreputable sales gimmick that Stevenson refrained from using, and this implausible nobility alienated blocs of votes.

But Stevenson did not "lose" anything. The Patagonian-Americans were not consumers buying scouring powder. They were citizens casting ballots and making a hell of a mistake.

By whom are climates of opinion created? Sometimes they are created by people with self-confidence and faith in their own judgment. By Harry Truman himself, for instance, in 1948.

In 1960, who has more right to self-confidence and faith in their own judgment than the people who have never ceased to admire Adlai Stevenson?

Picking a President

It has been a good week for juke boxes in Washington but otherwise not very profitable. This is because the attitudes and personalities of the past are dominating the present and the future; limited and sometimes even trivial issues are taking priority over primary issues; and the melancholy personal problems of the older generation are blurring the hope and promise of the new . . . Nevertheless, there are some lessons to be learned for the future in this bleak and disturbing situation, and it is not too early, in fact it is late enough, to begin applying them to the Presidential campaign of 1960.

What is now perfectly clear is that the personal qualities that win elections most easily are not necessarily the qualities essential to the effective conduct of the Presidency in the last half of the 20th Century. . . .

In spite of the clear lessons of the present, the political attitudes of the past are dominating the selection process for the future. Both parties are again looking primarily for an "attractive" candidate who will be "good on television" who will not arouse the prejudices of any large bloc of voters.

Never mind searching for "the best President – pick somebody who can win." Has "popularity" proved to be an unreliable test? Very well, let's find the most "popular" man! Do Nixon and Johnson have energy and political skill? Out with them – Nixon is not "popular" and Johnson is from Texas!

Can Stevenson articulate the meaning of our society and mobilize the brains of the country? Forget him – he lost twice before! And scratch Dewey too. Is Kennedy demonstrating that he has intelligence, and political skill? Skip him, he's a Catholic! Is Humphrey the most energetic of the whole lot and bouncing with ideas? He doesn't *look* like a President!

These attitudes, plus who is running ahead in the polls – we are even being asked to give weight now to polls arranged by Kennedy himself – are dominating the debate among politicians. And this may be all right for "politicians" who naturally put "winning" ahead of everything else. But the people and the press do not have to play this game. After all, Lincoln probably wouldn't have been very good on TV.

– JAMES RESTON, *The New York Times*, February 22, 1959

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WHAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT DELINQUENCY

"Get tough" is the reflex of many Americans when confronted with the alarming statistical evidence of the increase in juvenile delinquency – 2.3 million arrests during 1958, for example, in communities of 2,500 and over. But statistics tell us little of the problem, says George Edwards, Justice of the Michigan Supreme Court – and in any case, "the use of the policeman's nightstick or a taste of jail for a youthful first offender is more likely to confirm criminality than to prevent it." Justice Edwards, who outlines a 12-point national program, presided for four years over the Juvenile Court in Wayne County (Detroit). A board member of the Child Welfare League of America, he serves on the Executive Committee of the Advisory Council of Judges of the National Probation and Parole Association, and will represent the Council at the United Nations Congress on the Treatment and Prevention of Delinquency scheduled for August in London.

"Judge, I Told That Boy . . ."

by George Edwards

The years I spent as a Juvenile Court Judge gave me two firm convictions. The first is that no child is born predestined to be a criminal. The second is that we can cure a far higher percentage of our juvenile delinquents than we do. The lessons weren't easy. In 1951 I suddenly found myself with a family of several thousand children. At that moment I had survived some 10 years of administrative and elective public office in Detroit. I was a practicing attorney – a father of two growing boys – a fairly hard-headed citizen, I thought. I was also a judge by very recent appointment. The inventory of my new court told me that (in addition to my own two) I was legal parent to 3,121 other children. Most of them were on that list because they had been abandoned, neglected, or abused by their families. 600 of them were delinquents – the carefully-selected worst children in the Detroit area.

The flow of children in trouble through the Wayne County juvenile court, at the rate of 10,000 cases a year, was staggering by sheer weight of numbers; but taken one by one, more staggering.

I saw Johnny when I first visited the Juvenile Detention Home. He was eating with 74 other "juvenile delinquents" in poorly enforced silence. All 75 looked like other teenagers – blue jeans, T-shirts, unfrightened (and unfrightening), and interested in this stranger who was interested in them. Johnny was a foot shorter than the rest and looked much younger. When I asked him, "Son, what have they got you here for?" he replied with a trace of pride, "B and E-ing, Mister." At the age of 11, he knew more of the slang than I did. The initials meant Breaking and Entering.

Ten days before Johnny was picked up he had been living in a two-room apartment with his mother. We found no trace of the father, and for the past 10 days the mother, too, had been missing. In her background was an illegitimate birth, marriage, and divorce, a spotty employment record, occasional welfare assistance, and refuge in the bottle. She had left Johnny with her landlady, promising to be back soon. She never came back. The landlady eventually put Johnny out in the street; he had broken into a vacant store to find some place to sleep.

After a few weeks in a foster home, Johnny came back to talk to me. How did he like it there? "Oh, fine," he said, his face shining. "It's wonderful." And how had it been at home, Johnny? "If you were hungry you went to the kitchen and got something from the ice box and maybe there was something cooked in a pot on the stove. But, Judge, we never had three meals a day and we never sat down around the table together."

Johnny's story isn't newspaper copy. There were no knifings, no murders. His foster home worked out well and he grew up to consider his foster parents his own. But in police records Johnny was a juvenile delinquent. And without some intervention, he might well have ended up much farther down the road of criminality. He helped teach me the first lesson every other case confirmed: that child neglect is the soil in which delinquency grows.

The toughest delinquent I ever met was a girl, whom I first saw at midnight on a warm June night in the

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midst of what looked like bomb damage in the girl's section of the Juvenile Home. The corridors were littered with broken glass and debris – the result of several dozen hysterical girls rioting for several hours and smashing everything they could get their hands on. This girl had led the riot. She was 16 years old and 160 pounds of the most intense hostility I have ever seen, but she was perfectly willing to talk.

No, it wasn't the food. No, it wasn't the personnel. No, it wasn't the treatment. All she wanted was to get out. And neither I nor any other adult was going to tell her what to do or make her stay where she didn't want to, now or at any time in the future.

She had been born into a drunken, brawling family where the police were among the most frequent visitors. At 12, she had been raped by her father – a recurrent proclivity which eventually sent him to prison. All attempts to fit her into society at school and in foster homes collapsed in the face of one hard fact – her unremitting hatred of adults. All of them were no good, and she could prove it. When last I heard of her she was in a state mental hospital, still proving it.

"Am I Responsible?"

Parental abuse? Yes, but take Case No. 3, for example.

I remember the puzzled earnestness of the father and mother brought into court for the "neglect" of their 10 children. Testimony showed that the children and two adults were living in a two-room apartment in Detroit's lower east side – all of them somehow sleeping in two double beds. The neglect charge arose when the smallest baby died – smothered by other children sleeping on it.

Our clinic reported the mother had an IQ of 68 and the father of 75. He had a low-paying job as a janitor in a factory. Several of the children already were problems in school for truancy, dirtiness and unruliness. Yet the father worked every day and brought home his pay check. The mother stayed home and did her best to keep order. They both demonstrated love for their children and a determination to keep them.

They needed help to get into a public housing project. They would never have advanced much beyond the level of cave dwellers without the assistance and prodding of a probation officer and a visiting housekeeper. But as home conditions improved so did the school behavior and conduct of the children.

The 14-year-old brought before me for burglary at night said he didn't know why he did it. "Judge," his father told me, "I told that boy never to run away from home. I told that boy never to run away from school. I told that boy never to steal. I told that boy never to break and enter a store." The family case history here showed that five years earlier the father started drinking heavily. The police had to break up family fights. The boy ran away three times, and became notorious in school for incorrigible behavior and truancy. The father drank himself out of a good job and was arrested three times for drunken brawling in neighborhood bars. The boy committed petty larceny. The father beat up the mother in front of the children and only police arrival prevented a probable murder. Two weeks thereafter came the burglary.

In chambers I read the father that record and he said, "Judge, do you really think I'm responsible for what that boy has been doing?" Then he added, "Of course I am. I guess I've known it all along." He asked for another chance – for himself and his son. We assigned one of our best probation officers to the case. The father was referred to Alcoholics Anonymous and was required to spend a period each week doing something with his son. The father joined AA and stuck with it. He got a job. The family fights ended. So did the trouble with the boy.

But if you have jumped to the conclusion, as so many do, that the stuff of juvenile delinquency is fashioned entirely in poverty, let us look a little further.

On succeeding days we heard the cases of two separate groups of boys who had been involved in auto thefts – perhaps the most frequent serious juvenile offense. These normally are not commercial thievery, but thrill thefts. On one court docket we had the case of 15 boys stealing 25 autos. All came from some of the worst slums in Detroit. There was not one intact family in the group. The next day the docket embraced five boys who had stolen 12 cars. All came from good middle-class neighborhoods and each boy had two natural and legal parents sitting beside him in court – all obviously much concerned.

One fact should be added, however. All five of the mothers in the second case were working long hours outside the home – presumably to buy the things they thought their families ought to have. All five mothers quit work and stayed home to supervise their families. Not one of the boys became a second offender, while several of the first group traveled much farther down the road to adult crime – demonstrating what most juvenile judges know: that where there are family resources available to counsel and supervise a first offender, police and court work is greatly sustained.

And behind this conclusion lay a survey – and a shocking discovery: in one year we had more than 5,000 boys admitted to detention for delinquency, but there were fewer than 500 visits by all the fathers of those 5,000 boys. Or another set of not very scientific statistics: while 1.1 percent of all homes are broken by divorce, death or desertion, of all unofficial (minor) cases before our court, 36 percent came from broken homes; of all official cases, 44 percent were from broken homes; of all children committed to correctional schools following failure on probation, 57 percent were from

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broken homes; and of those committed on first hearing (the most serious offenders), 68 percent were from broken homes.

The family disorganization which can produce serious delinquency is ordinarily the result of divorce, desertion or marital discord, parental illness or death, alcoholism or mental disease, or parental absenteeism. The likehood of delinquency is greatly increased when the family is also subjected to the tremendous stresses added by poverty, bad housing, racial discrimination.

The Most Powerful Force

The corollary may be stated in a formula for prevention which sounds simple and is complex: What every child needs to prevent his becoming a delinquent is a good home. This does not refer to the value of the house or its furnishings but to parental love, parental supervision, and parental example. From these come a child's self-control, his certainty that he has a place in the world, his ability to claim it.

I cannot emphasize too heavily the importance of these simple-sounding, always assumed, often absent influences. Only the most crushing poverty or grossest discrimination can obliterate them. They cannot be supplied by wealth or gadgets or psychiatrists. Although they are frequently supplemented by school or church or the community, it is dangerous to rely upon society at large to furnish them in basic supply.

In studying delinquency, we find scientific support for the essentially religious proposition that love is the most powerful force in human affairs. Withdraw parental love, guidance and example from a child for a brief period and he may become a problem. Restore what has been withdrawn and the problem ends. But deny these essential qualities of family life for a substantial period and society can have a lifetime custody case on its hands.

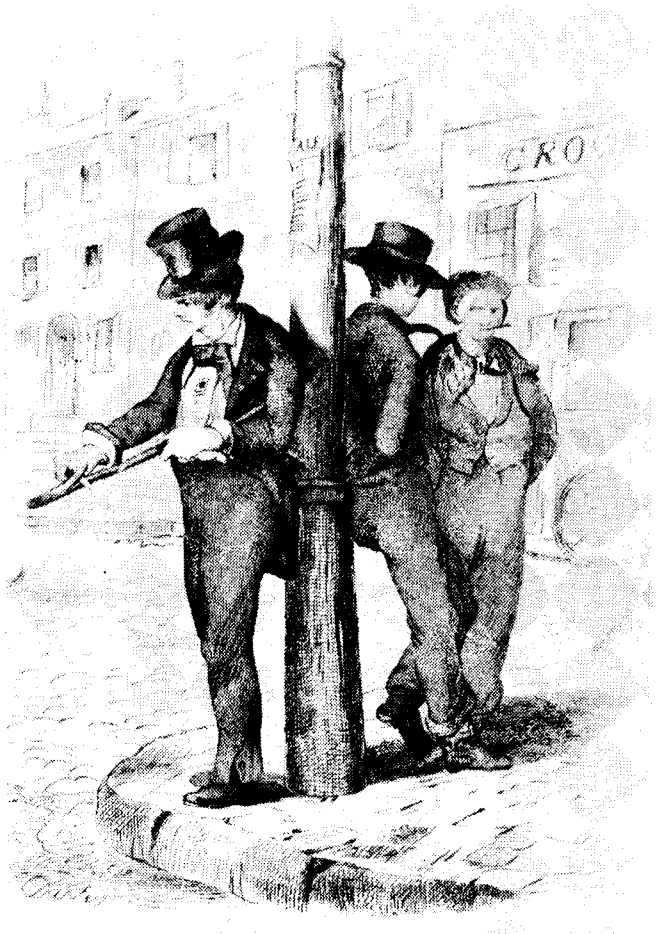
In every instance where I have seen successful transformation of a delinquent case, the primary factor was the intervention of a new and close personal relationship with someone who lived by society's laws. When the human material is young and malleable almost any sort of adult friend may do – a schoolteacher, a football coach, a neighbor, a probation officer. Almost anyone whom a boy can like – and want to be like – can make the difference.

In most first offender cases the Juvenile Courts place reliance upon the child's family – aided and augmented by that invaluable auxiliary parent, the probation officer. But where home conditions are such as to guarantee continued influences toward delinquency, then foster home placements – sometimes even adoptive placements – can supply with substitute parents what the child should have had in the first instance. Even when we turn to the more challenging examples of delinquency – the young offenders whose conduct demands secure custody and treatment in institutions – we find reliance upon the qualities of good family life for rehabilitation.

During visits to the correctional institutions to which I had to commit offenders I always asked the director what he thought his institution did to turn his wards back into society better citizens than they were when they arrived.

All of the institutional directors spoke of creating a sense of order in the lives of their charges – most of whom have never known any. Some spoke of this as discipline; others as giving each youngster a pattern for living. Most of them also talked about creating a sense of individual achievement in study, in work, or in athletics. ("Judge, we never get a boy here who can do anything – none of them can really read, or really work, or really play baseball.")

The correctional school leaders stressed opportunities for contact with interested staff members and counselors. They also spoke of moral and religious training, and apparently felt this meant most when coupled with an example set by some adult friend. All mentioned psychiatric treatment, and then promptly stated that it was not available. None was naïve enough



Corner Lounges in Little Old New York

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to think that detention of delinquents alone would cure.

Up to this point we have been dealing with individual delinquents and what society has done to them. Put it the other way around, as is the customary way, and ask: What do delinquents do to society?

The raw statistics (they are less than complete) are easy to state, though less easy to interpret. In 1958 the FBI reported 2,340,000 arrests in cities over 2,500 population. Ten percent of those arrested for 6 major types of crimes against persons were individuals below the age of 18. Forty-five percent of those arrested for 6 major types of crimes against property were of individuals below the age of 18.

The Children's Bureau in 1957 reported a total of 520,000 children in court on delinquency charges. This represented 2.3 percent of the total number of children aged 10 through 17 in the nation. And – most alarming statistic of all – the Children's Bureau also reported that between 1948 and 1957 delinquency cases among children aged 10 through 17 more than doubled while the child population increased only 27 percent.

However, there are some qualifications. Of the staggering half million delinquents reported, Children's Bureau figures also show that 30 percent are youngsters who have received traffic tickets in their first year or so of driving. Also, of the frightening half million delinquents reported, 52 percent were handled as unofficial cases by the court to which they were sent. This almost always represents a certificate from the judge that the offense was minor and that the problem of recidivism appeared slight.

Moreover, we know with certainty from statistics that more juvenile offenses are officially *reported* and *treated* by police and courts than ever before. But how accurately this statistical trend reflects the actual incidence of serious juvenile crime, we do not know. It is obvious that while better reporting increases the statistical totals of delinquency, it does not increase the incidence of offenses. We also know too little of the effects of major population shifts – particularly from Southern rural to Northern urban areas. Conduct traditionally ignored in some rural districts is met with arrest and court complaint in metropolitan areas.

Behind the Statistics

Another imponderable is the effect of improvements in recent years in police youth bureau and juvenile court activities. Every juvenile court judge knows that the community will bring more cases to court if the police and court have the staff, facilities and inclination to treat early evidences of delinquency. Part of the rising trend of juvenile court cases may offer comparison to the great effort of public health authorities in their early tuberculosis detection program. No one regarded the increase in TB cases treated as conclusive proof that the incidence of tuberculosis was on the rise.

And finally, any intelligent interpretation must take into account our changing social standards. Much that was accepted years ago with the assertion that "boys will be boys" is now classified as delinquency. Perhaps the most vivid example of this is to compare Halloween as it is celebrated now with the Halloween depredations of 40 years ago.

Realistic evaluation of present national delinquency totals show that they include the high school honor graduate who made a "rolling stop" at a stop sign and the 12-year-old whose slingshot hit a street light, as well as the 17-year-old gang leader who knifed a rival to death. Many authoritative voices, however, choose to disregard all factors except the delinquency totals. The alarm is sounded, and most of the alarmists look for push-button answers and some place to put the blame. The simplest and most popular suggestion we hear is "Get tough."

I have had before me too many juveniles with vicious records not to know that there are places and occasions when society must use force to protect itself, even against the products of its own errors and neglect. But during my years as judge of a juvenile court, living with the worst children in our fourth largest city, I found that almost without exception their case histories showed they had known harsh and brutal punishment all their lives. They had been beaten with ironing cords, rubber hose, hit with two-by-fours, beer and whisky bottles, and ice spuds. To most of them, brutal punishment is what you expect from adults. If harsh punishment could cure, these children should have been the best – rather than the worst – children in Wayne County.

The "get tough" policy doesn't cure the hostility of the delinquent toward society; it confirms it. The use of the policeman's night stick or a taste of jail for youthful first offenders is, in my view, more likely to help confirm criminality than prevent it.

I don't mean that all punishment is bad. A traffic ticket for speeding, or the flat of a mother's hand on junior's bottom for running into the street, are examples of reasonable and useful punishment. But harsh and revengeful punishment creates hatred – not acceptance. And most serious delinquents have known that kind of punishment so often that for them all punishment has lost its value.

There are those, too, who seek to blame juvenile delinquency on the failure of the juvenile court philosophy. At the turn of the century, our states began creating juvenile courts in revolt against the spectacle of children in adult jails and penitentiaries. We decided to abandon the theory of fitting the punishment to the crime. We were to take our children out of jails. We were to consider all children capable of being rehabilitated. We decided that when a child lacks a home it

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would be the job of the courts to give him a substitute home. In short, we expected the juvenile courts to *treat* individual human beings rather than to *punish* them. It was implicit in this reformation that we would not resign ourselves to a juvenile delinquent's inevitably becoming an adult criminal; that treatment would employ the best techniques known to the courts, to social workers, to medicine and to psychiatry.

This was the theory. But it has not always been the practice. Though there has been much improvement in recent years, no observant person can be unaware that many juvenile courts are undermanned, their staffs underpaid and sometimes incompetent, that many a detention home is merely a polite name for a children's jail.

We cannot say the juvenile court theory has failed, for we have not armed our courts with the tools, we have not brought together our governments and our people to grapple with the problem of juvenile delinquency by applying fully the available knowledge.

We have previously noted the adverse effect on families and children of such great social ills as divorce, poverty, bad housing and race discrimination. National efforts to eradicate these are justified on many grounds, including their effect in increasing delinquency. But each such problem extends far beyond the scope of this article; and we cannot await solution of these great problems to deal with immediate delinquency among children.

The Minimum Need

The treatment of the delinquent or predelinquent child inevitably requires the creation of specialized community services adapted to his individual needs, much as we serve the varied health needs of our normal children. To my knowledge, no state or community can now boast adequate facilities for delinquency prevention or cure which authorities in the field unanimously endorse. At a minimum, they include:

1. First, and probably most important, police youth bureaus trained in methods of delinquency prevention and detection. Such a bureau would be headed by officers of high enough rank to be able to require full use of community facilities for predelinquents and, where necessary, arrest and detention methods suited to juvenile cases. Half the cities of more than 10,000 in America have no juvenile bureaus or officers.

2. Family social casework services capable of aiding both court and community by carrying needed help into the homes of delinquents and predelinquents.

3. Probation services for the juvenile court, with sufficient trained personnel to hold caseloads below 50 so that the probation officer can actually get to know and to help his charges. Half of the counties in America have no juvenile probation service and, where it does exist, 60 percent of all the probation officers have no professional training whatsoever.

4. Modern detention facilities where youngsters can be handled in small groups. If the detention home is so understaffed that the primary program is enforced idleness and troublesome children must be handled in large groups, the detention period can do more harm than good. Only a small minority of detention homes currently afford modern facilities and trained staff. In addition, for lack of juvenile detention facilities, 100,000 children each year are held in jails.

5. Shelter facilities to insure separation of delinquent juveniles from nondelinquents. To place a nondelinquent child, taken into custody because of parental neglect, into a detention home where he will be surrounded by delinquents, is as irrational as putting a patient suffering from malnutrition into a TB ward.

6. A specialized Juvenile or Family Court, headed by a judge (or judges) with adequate court time and concern for rehabilitation of their young charges.

7. Psychiatric and psychological service for the Juvenile Court, preferably in a court clinic, to guarantee accurate diagnosis at court hearings.

8. Foster home services. Many of our most difficult

Whipping Boys at the House of Refuge

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delinquency cases can be handled well simply by providing decent homes.

9. Adoption services, which really seek to place the hard-to-place child. There is no room in the case record form of the good adoption service for the notation: "not suitable for adoption." The only children not suitable for adoption are those for whom institutionalization is mandatory.

10. Good, open-type boarding schools for both boys and girls available for Juvenile Court placements.

11. State vocational schools for delinquent boys and girls for whom custody is required, manned not by ex-wardens of penitentiaries, but by teachers, counselors, and social workers who have had training in treatment work and are interested in and like youngsters. It is illustrative of the generally poor level of training of vocational school staffs that 30 percent of the schools haven't one trained social worker, and 40 percent have no staff psychologist!

12. State mental health clinics and hospitals for mentally and emotionally disturbed children, oriented not toward custody but toward cure. Only a few states have special institutions for this purpose.

"Fair, Friendly, Firm"

Each of the units in the program – police, probation, detention, foster home, adoption, vocational school, mental health – must be staffed with trained people whose slogan is "fair, friendly, firm." Fair, because the essence of law and order is impartiality, with no reference to color, creed, or which side of the tracks the child comes from. Friendly, because our youngsters should grow up knowing that the police officer is their guardian, that society is *theirs*. Firm, because sentimentality and vacillation never licked any problem.

If these treatment facilities are the best answers we know to the problem of delinquency and have the endorsement of recognized authorities in the field, the question immediately follows: Why don't we have them? For one reason, because of the weakness of governmental leadership. Congressional committees have repeatedly held hearings on delinquency. Bills have been reported out of committees to authorize national research, a national program, federal "seed money" to local communities matching national standards for training probation staffs and staffs of state vocational schools. In previous sessions of Congress the bills have all been killed.

The feebly-financed Children's Bureau has struggled to be heard through publications and conferences. And this month the 1960 White House Conference on Children and Youth will draw 7,000 concerned volunteer delegates from all over the nation to discuss delinquency, among other problems of youth. If the 1960 Conference follows the pattern of the 1950 one, it will be an excellent forum and will afford some inspiration to local youth leaders. But although the federal government has explored, investigated and bemoaned delinquency, to date it has left both the formulation and financing of an anti-delinquency program in the hands of the 50 states and the thousands of communities. Most of the delinquency treatment facilities *are* peculiarly state and local in character, but in the absence of a national program, standards and aid, every advance has to be won by educating 50 state legislatures and countless county boards of supervisors and community chest agencies on the nature and necessity of delinquent treatment. It makes for slow, painful progress.

Two national organizations of a voluntary character deserve mention in the continuing state and local battles against delinquency. The Child Welfare League of America is rapidly making the orphan home an obsolete institution by its insistence on good foster care and adoption. And modern detention homes have been built and probation services bettered in places as widely separated as Dallas and Detroit through community efforts based on field surveys made by the National Probation and Parole Association.

Aside from lack of a national program, the most destructive influence in the battle for adequate anti-delinquency facilities is undoubtedly the influence of the "Get Tough" school of thought. The sloganeering of some national and local police officials and newspaper editors about "stern measures for vicious young hoodlums" is a reversion to the social revenge theory of crime and punishment. It denies the usefulness of rehabilitation. Usually the worst effects of the "Get Tough" propaganda are indirect; those who spread it offer words in support of probation and rehabilitation – but the board of supervisors only hears them say young hoodlums should be in jail, and the board thereupon kills the appropriation to increase the probation staff.

Finally, those who run Juvenile Courts and facilities are much too backward in making their needs publicly known. The judge who is forced to house together neglect cases and delinquents, and doesn't tell his community that this condition contributes to delinquency, isn't doing his job. Nor is the foster care social agency head, when he fails to make an issue of the fact that he hasn't a single adoption worker to plan adoptions for the third of his case load which is eligible.

When, as a society, we center our attention on improving family care of our young and providing the specialized tools to deal with the problem – then we can say we are serious about fighting juvenile delinquency; then we can say with conviction, as did an early parliamentary advocate of the juvenile code: "We want to say to the child that if the world's law has not been his friend in the past, it shall be now. We say that it's our duty to lift, if possible, and rescue him, to shut the prison door and to open the door of hope."

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A Blueprint for Cashocracy

by Ronnie Dugger

What would the country be like if the Texas billionaire H. L. Hunt could buy it? He has told us. The man who financed *Facts Forum* and who now sponsors *Life Line*, has written (with "plenty of help") his plan for a billionaires' Utopia. Turned away by at least one Eastern publisher, he has printed *Alpaca* himself and sells it as a novel for 50 cents. (A Spanish edition will become available this month.) It has Moore, Marx, Bellamy and Wells beat all hollow. Its price is almost its only popular feature: Hunt wants not democracy, not aristocracy, not meritocracy, but Cashocracy. His test of worth is wealth.

Alpaca
by H. L. Hunt
(Privately printed; $.50)

In the utopian state of Alpaca, there are no political speeches, politicians cannot belong to political parties or the two "thought groups," criticism of government is barred from radio, TV, and the theater, and public assemblies of more than 200 people are forbidden. The more taxes you pay, the more votes you get; you can also buy a couple of extra votes. ("I'd buy more poll taxes to get extra votes," Hunt said at his autograph party.) If you accept state aid because you are poor or sick, you cannot vote at all, and you're denied an old-age pension. If you are "paid funds" by the government, you can be fired from government work as soon as you are "substantially" accused of disloyalty, and you "would not be deemed innocent until proved guilty," in Mr. Hunt's words.

Hunt proceeds in his literary venture with an engaging sincerity. His hero, Juan Achala, is "moderately wealthy" and is loved by all because of "his proud athletic bearing, his air of inborn courtesy unmarred by hateur, his flashing eyes beneath shapely brows, and his magnificent, even white teeth." His heroine, whose name is "Mara Hani," hums arias from *Faust* in a voice which has "that tantalizing warm quality, with the sweetness of a Strad in the hands of a master." The courtship opens on ship deck one romantic night, just after "ruby and opal lights from the sunset quivered on wind-vexed waves," when Juan asks Mara Hani, "Are you interested in government?" He follows her to Paris, where she makes such a great sensation at the Opera that "the roof fell in, figuratively speaking."

The plot then alternates between romance and planning a Constitution for the new government of Alpaca. The lovers marry, and, hand in hand, go to work for the Plan. In the last chapter, we are given the text of the Constitution of Alpaca.

"To operate successfully," Hunt says, "a government must have a ruling class far above the average of its citizenry. The average, and particularly the lower class, of its citizenry are incapable of efficiently conducting their own affairs." The American custom of one man, one vote, Hunt discards "on the theory that, in a government based on fairness and justice what is good for the possessor of the greatest wealth in the nation is good for the poorest citizen or the citizen in any degree of prosperity between the extremes."

This coincidence – that the first or second richest man in America believes that the richest man in America is the most important man in America – leads one to inquire how many other rules in Alpaca might work to Hunt's advantage. Here is how. Since he is one of the ten percent who pay the highest taxes, he would get seven votes. He would collect about four more for waiving certain payments from the government. He would pay the price of two more votes, so he would have thirteen votes or possibly even more in his ideal society. And money. In addition to this, all of the tax-exempt foundations, through which Hunt financed certain of his "educational" ventures, would be outlawed, "except solely" those which advance "public enlightenment to promote personal initiative and individual liberty." Goodbye Ford, goodbye Rockefeller, Carnegie, etc.

". . . The power to tax shall never be used [to] promote philosophic objectives, or transform society in any manner . . ." the Constitution provides. The oil depletion allowance is neatly protected. The income tax could go no higher than 25 percent, which is preferable, Hunt believes, to the 91 percent he now pays. A sales tax could never go higher than 100 percent on tobacco and alcoholic beverages, and four percent on necessities.

Mr. Hunt would be good to his workers: his law-makers would be prevented by his Constitution from enacting any legislation giving a worker "a property right in employment," "unemployment insurance," "a right to adverse occupancy of his employer's property," or "a guaranteed wage. . . ."

Undesirables in government have already cost Hunt untold millions to expose. But in Alpaca, each branch of government would have an investigating committee of nine people. The committee could fire any government worker or call an election to replace any elected official. "They may consider," says the Constitution, "the health, habits, competency, efficiency, derelictions, temperament, and integrity . . . but shall not publicize their reasons."

When asked during his autograph party for *Alpaca* whether he expected to make any money out of the book's sale, Hunt replied, "Yes. Everything I do, I do for profit. The profit motive is deeply imbedded in me."

The government he prefers is a mixture of the welfare state (old age pensions, for example); democracy (elections are held, but no officeholders are elected); theocracy (the idea that the more taxes you pay, the more votes you

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get, is spun off from political rewards for tithing in church-controlled nations, it's explained); and fascism (the investigating committees, purging people on accusation; extra votes for wealth, and a provision that people can also get extra votes if their corporations pay high taxes). It's a kind of "fascist democracy," if you see what I mean. First, the elections are rigged. All but the poor are represented, but the richest are represented the most. The delegates elected by the votes of the voters are then filtered through "a pyramidal system of colleges of delegates." The final process of electing the legislators and the three presidents is called "a tranquil weighing of the best against the second best." To quote Hunt, the graduated voting system was settled on because it favored "the largest taxpayers who in effect are the largest stockholders in the national entity" and "offered the best hope of preventing 'share-the-wealth' and treasury hand-out excesses" which "have frequently forced the responsible property holders to turn in despair to a dictator or some other desperate expedient. . . ."

Hunt opposes either educational or sanity tests for voters. In *Alpaca* it is noted that "many men and women with little formal schooling have shown a high degree of statesmanship," and "mental patients . . . would probably vote as sensibly as the average in suffrage countries have been voting in recent years," and besides, "it is well known that persons affected mentally are not necessarily unwise because with their aberration they develop a sixth sense which gives them insight beyond that of the normal person who has the usual five senses of perception."

There are other genial aspects to Mr. Hunt's Cashocracy. Workers would have a "right to accept" bonuses for working harder. Unemployment would be abolished by the state setting a workweek of the total hours of work needed divided by the number of workers. Everybody would get a pension at 66 (except those who had once taken state aid because of poverty or sickness.)

The citizens of Alpaca are overjoyed with their new Constitution; they welcome Mara Hani as "an uncrowned queen"; they regard Juan Achala as "a near Messiah." But, like George Washington, Juan declines the throne, and his refusal "warmed his place in the hearts of his fellow countrymen."

The book closes with a letter from Hunt to an admirer in which Hunt remarks that *The New York Times* "wrote me up as worth a little old two billion and the richest man in the world . . . but *Fortune* and *Life* soon spoiled everything by writing me up as second to Getty." The last, climactic page is a picture of Hunt's Dallas home, styled, as the caption says, "after Mt. Vernon." It also happens to be five times as big.

"They're Killing Each Other"

by T. J. Ross

"I wanted to sleep not to argue," dreams the hero of John Braine's first novel, *Room at the Top*, "not to promise, not to plot my future like a raid over the Ruhr," for his imagination is haunted by remembrances of the victims of holocaust. His parents had been killed in an air-raid; nor can he shake off the memory of an air-raid victim like "that fair-haired girl from Doncaster with both eyes running down her cheeks." Returned from the official war,

From the Hand of the Hunter
by John Braine
(Houghton, Mifflin; $3.75)

he remains nervously on the alert against what he envisions as an implacable social machine. "I was just as frightened of the people as I was of the traffic. It seemed to me as if they too were made of metal and rubber, as if they too were capable of mangling me in a second and speeding away not knowing and not caring that they'd killed me." The theme of *Room at the Top* is that people are as blind to one another as the soldiers of opposing armies and heedless of any human quality which is not official.

In his own advance to the Top, the "raiding" hero "runs over" the most vulnerable character in the story, his mistress, and is the direct cause of her "mangling." Whether he chooses to streak out, or to stay put, his struggle with what Braine calls "the muck" must be a life-and-death affair. Whatever the choice, there is hell to pay, for if moving full steam ahead means essentially to engage in a murderous self-crippling enterprise, to remain stuck in the muck appears to be the contemporary fate-worse-than-death. Having betrayed his mistress and advanced just a whisper away from his goal, Joe Lampton lurches into "an attack of the truth: I saw quite clearly that there were no dreams and no mercy left in the world, nothing but a storm of violence."

Joe's foes are termed the Zombies. The Zombie may be defined as an inconsequental type. An intelligent, capable, not unattractive nest-featherer, he is well-liked, bombastic, and easily understood. But he is all "metal and rubber," a squeaking jack-in-the-box. To protect himself from mangling Joe decides that he must become "metal-and-rubber" too, and when he succeeds he is ashamed for himself, his fortune, and the whole mangled world.

After the suicide of his girl, the hero stands at a bar and stares in wonder at a picture of a battle-saga hung up near the Ladies' Room:

> ". . . energetic marionettes waving swords with red paint on the tips . . . planting their standards on little cone-shaped hills above the perfectly flat battlefield, advancing relentlessly in perfect parade ground formation and, occasionally, dying very stiffly with their left hand clutching their bosoms and their right hand beckoning their comrades on to victory . . . I was nauseated . . ."

All of which brings us directly to John Braine's second novel. The English edition is prefaced by an anecdote which goes like this: A general stands watching the assault of a "raiding party" on a "strongly defended hill." A "small private" bursts in on the general's dugout where he sits down to relax. When the general learns that the private has not come with any special message, he orders him back to "where the fighting is." Says the private: "Fighting be

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damned, they're *killing* each other." In the American edition a quotation from the Bible has been substituted for this interesting anecdote. It is a pretty enough quotation (chosen, I'm sure, by the author himself) and provides the source of title for the American edition. Both proverb and title, however, may mislead readers into supposing that they are in for another one of those stale exercises full of numerous levels of meaning. Where the English title, *The Vodi*, is mysterious, memorable, and snappy, *From the Hand of the Hunter* sounds as if it belongs to one of those foundation - sponsored, many - levelled novels about a Southern girlhood.

The anecdote about the general and the intruder, on the other hand, serves as an unambiguous sturdy bridge from one book to the next; for, in his second novel, Mr. Braine continues to render his sense of how contemporary experience is "killing" in the terms established by his first. Once again, a world of hustle bustle and smash is evoked largely by metaphors drawn from machines of transport: "Noll was, so to speak, in top gear if not in overdrive; his face was maroon-colored . . . his voice was just on the verge of a skid on the slippery asphalt of drunkenness." To render the sensation of his heroine going parking with the Wrong Man and uncertain about How Far She Should Go, since he's not a Bad Guy, Braine does it like this:

> ". . . She was seized with a terrible sterile loneliness. Harry, giving only a perfunctory glance to his left, turned the car to the right, its brakes screaming; and the harsh metallic sound, as if beings of another species whom one couldn't possibly help, were being made to suffer because of someone's sheer callousness, helped to accentuate that loneliness. And the way in which Harry had received her suggestion . . . for dinner helped to give her a sort of emotional hysterectomy too . . ."

On the same road once traversed by Joe Lampton the heroine must decide whether to diminish her force of pride-and-love for the sake of a rubber-and-metallized security or to choose a risky, consequential humanity. Sure enough, when she seems to have decided for safety first, we find her and her choice zooming along to neighboring Warley to pay a visit to – "the Lamptons" (a final hitch in the knot tying both novels together).

The lowest ebbing of the hero's will-to-live before the assaults of disease evokes this hurtling sentence: "The heater was off, the lights were off, and the train was going faster and faster into the night, into a country he didn't know, black, stormy, barren, and cold." Such individual bits struck off from the author's unique and "obsessive" sensibility are as compelling as corresponding touches in *Room at the Top*. But despite such bits, and some good sequences, this novel never takes hold.

Room at the Top was characterized by a deft balancing of the "hard facts" of its plot against a remarkable sweetness of tone (comparable to the sort of balance one finds in the best films of Griffith or King Vidor – or *Gatsby*); by a narrative speed in keeping with the frenetic gettings and spendings of its characters; and by the unabashed imposition of fantasy elements upon a well-made plot which was also as old as the hills.

But *From the Hand of the Hunter* is marked by unevenness of pace and lack of climactic power – both the result largely of a helter-skelter use of flashbacks which rattle the reader. And the tone goes over the brink. In lines like "All he'd ever wanted had been to settle down with Lois" or ". . . she'd wanted to get away from Rawminster right from the moment when it first became evident that Rupert Hicknall had no intention of marrying her. And it wasn't just that . . ." we hear the lilts of Ouida. And our glumness in finding the Ouida-esque in Braine is not mollified by his steady use of short-cut phrases like "the vitriol-throwing type" or "the silver-cord type."

Characterization and situation in the novel follow the pattern of the first. Replacing the Zombies are a group of leering hobgoblins discovered by the hero and his pal. They are the Vodi and their leader is a maleficent witch named Nelly. Their prey is anyone who is not a zombie. Particularly susceptible, by reason of low birth, high sensibility and outlandish circumstance is the hero who (in the manner and rhythms of Saul Bellow's Augie March) had dreamed of the future as "a cupboard crammed with new pleasures, new excitements, unguessable splendors." Dick's friend, Tom, corresponds to Joe's friend, Charles. Just as the team of Lampton and Lufton had a high time scoring off Zombies, the team of Corvey and Coverack have a scary time huddling away from Vodies. Again, the hero is posed between two women; the younger, Lois, corresponds to Susan, the big prize of *Room at the Top*, whom the hero wins; in *From the Hand of the Hunter*, he's lost the prize from the start – she drops him when he succumbs to TB, and so he must turn to the Saving Grace Woman, the nurse, an "older" type (that is, she's in her mid-twenties), who corresponds to the "older" late-twentyish mistress of *Room at the Top*. But now, instead of the hero's rejecting the needy Saving Grace Woman the question is, Will the Saving Grace type reject the needy hero? For she is taken up with a well-heeled type. She can choose to marry Harry and be secure but always "on parade" or to stick with Dick, tubercular, insolvent, and an all-around bad risk, with whom, however, she feels free and easy.

The strength of *Room at the Top* lies in its integral emotional drive; it projected a fantasy which struck home to living concerns. *From the Hand of the Hunter*, which is more "realistic" is "textured" by a fund of details concerning names and degrees of perfumes, cars, bars and apparel; and by references symbolical of popular moods over the past fifteen years, all woven into rapidly sketched views of sundae-filled schooldays and of familial patterns, both solacing and tragic. Yet these elements fail to come together.

Philip Larkin has remarked that the motive of art is "to preserve experience," while Middleton Murry felt that its aim was "to spiritualize experience." On the score of "preserving," *From the Hand of the Hunter* is fair; on the second score, it misses. But whether Mr. Braine is a gr-r-r-eat novelist or not, and despite his second novel's being a comedown from his first, he not only can produce work which is superbly written, but which is, besides, flashy, vulgar, obvious, popular, buoyant, graceful, and alive. These are indeed bonus qualities.

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Spattering the Presidents with Mud

by Oscar Handlin

The framers of the American Constitution gave the nation's chief executive extraordinary powers. Even in the 18th Century, it was commonly observed that the President of the United States enjoyed in actuality greater rights than most of the monarchs of Europe. As time has passed and kings have grown weaker and fewer in number, the eminence of his position has actually increased. The newer republics of the 19th and 20th Centuries had no office to approximate his. Even de Gaulle who has tried to create a French counterpart, is far from having achieved the genuine control that lies in the hands of every American President. In a sense, only totalitarian dictators are his equal in their actual capacity to command.

The Ordeal of the Presidency
by David Cushman Coyle
(Public Affairs; $6)

Nevertheless, despite fears often expressed that he might, the American President never did become a dictator. His power was great, but not infinitely extensible, a circumstance of which every holder of the office was conscious. There are, of course, constitutional limits around his office; and, in addition, tradition long restricted him to two terms. But, in practice, the Presidents who really wished to surmount these limitations have been able to do so without difficulty and without loss of popularity as Abraham Lincoln and Franklin Roosevelt both showed.

More decisive than negative restrictions of this sort was the fact that the President was open to criticism. Washington, by the end of his Administration, was being denounced as a treacherous hypocrite whose actions could only be explained as those of an impostor or apostate. And every chief executive since than has freely been showered with violent language by his enemies in the arena of politics.

In *The Ordeal of the Presidency*, David Cushman Coyle has collected an impressive and often amusing array of the insults heaped upon the chief magistrate of the nation from the beginning to the present. The most competent, and indeed the best loved, of American Presidents have been exposed to reckless accusations and flowery insults. Washington, Lincoln, Wilson, Theodore and Franklin Roosevelt each in turn were the subjects of vituperative attacks. Surely there is a paradox in the juxtaposition of the immense powers entrusted to these men and the bitterness with which they were criticized. It would well be worth a book to discover why respect was not more often accorded to the holders of the country's highest office.

Unfortunately, this is a question Mr. Coyle does not address. Instead his work is a rather conventional political narrative with emphasis on the incidents that, in the past, lent themselves to juicy invective. As a narrative, the book is accurate enough, with some startling exceptions. But the approach reduces the whole subject to triviality. Periodically, we seem to be told, masses of madmen for no apparent reason rise up to spatter the Presidents with mud.

The discussion of reconstruction thus tells a simple story of the vindictive radicals who turned against the duty-loving Johnson. The reasons why the President could not use his power and the real issues of his conflict with Congress are not touched on at all. A more incisive study would have examined the character of the Presidency itself. Despite his vast powers, no holder of that office enjoyed a monarch's immunity from criticism. The stronger, more active the President, the more intense was the hostility he encountered; and the critics were more often right than Mr. Coyle would have us believe. But right or wrong, their ability to criticize was an important ingredient of American republicanism.

THE CAMPAIGN AND ITS LITERATURE

The Case for Hubert Humphrey

It would never have occurred to me to select Michael Amrine as the official anointer of a Presidential candidate – not that Mr. Amrine is an incompetent literary craftsman, but rather that he is too competent; for as a rule hacks are better than first-rate writers when it comes to applying the goose-grease.

This is Humphrey
by Michael Amrine
(Doubleday; $3.95)

But there are exceptions and this seems to be one. The first half of the book, it is true, is somewhat scrambled, showing evidence of a haste that did not permit proper organization.

Once he gets his man into the Senate, however, Amrine hits his stride and from that point on the book is fast-moving, lucid and powerful. In dealing with Senator Humphrey the first job, of course, is one of decontamination; the man has been equally hated, and equally smeared, by the Communist element, on one hand, and the Ku Klux element on the other. Amrine cleans up neatly and completely, not by mere assertion but by presenting the record.

He is even better at the second job, which is that of proving that the Senator's notorious verbosity is not a mere geyser of words, but the presentation of ideas, some of them complicated enough to require long explanation, all of them interesting, and a few nothing short of brilliant. The evidence is that Humphrey is a thinker, as well as a talker.

Where he is least successful is in his effort to demonstrate that the Humphrey temper, known to be acid (which is sometimes a merit), is not at all lucid, (which is always a defect). The Senator is obviously not the complete doctrinaire that he was when he first arrived in Washington; experience in office has mellowed him appreciably. He is a wiser man than he was ten years ago, and a man who is growing in wisdom is a man to watch with respect; but that he is as yet wise enough to be promoted to the White House remains to be proved.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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THEATER

The Brothel and the Western World

Jean Genet is at once the most brilliant, the most gifted, and the most depraved of the new French dramatists; and while *The Balcony* is probably the most subversive work of literature to be created since the writings of the famous Marquis, it is a major dramatic achievement. Fashioned by a genius of criminality and revolt, the play is absolutely stunning in its twists and turns of thought,

The Balcony
by Jean Genet
(Circle in the Square)

and (despite occasional thefts from Betti, Cocteau, and the Surrealists) highly original in its use of the stage. In its interpretation of history, it is both provocative and scandalous; in its assault on what we take to be "the real," both inexorable and intolerable; in its violent demolition of established authority, both appealing and appalling. It is extremely difficult, in short, to speak of Genet without employing the *both . . . and* construction. If you consider yourself a good citizen concerned with preserving the social contract, you might feel inclined to stone the author and picket the Circle in the Square; but if you are curious to know what the theater can be like when a perversely honest immoralist writes for it, empty your pockets of missiles and doff your picket boards, for *The Balcony* is one of the richest and most fascinating philosophical plays of the decade.

Genet's most important ideological influence, aside from de Sade, is the tradition of French pornography, and the opening scenes of *The Balcony* contain some ritual echoes of the Black Mass. A Bishop confesses and feels up a half-naked penitent; an Attorney-General, aided by a whip-happy executioner, judges, condemns, and kisses the foot of a fleshly thief; a General is taken on an imaginary tour of his battlefield by a pulchritudinous horse – all as a prelude to sexual relations. For The Grand Balcony is a brothel – a house of illusions where ordinary men, by identifying with the Great Figures of the Christian state, may engage in blasphemous revels. These revels are staged-managed by Madame Irma, the severe proprietress of the establishment; who provides the "props of a display that they have to drag in the mud of the real and the commonplace": the studios in which the masquerade takes place, the ladies who perform the supporting roles, and the proper costumes and cothurni, padded to give the impersonators a sense of their historical importance.

But Genet is less interested in the titillations of pornography than in its philosophical implications; and the erotic scenes are merely a prologue to his theatricalized vision of society, of life, and of history. For the various sacred offices are not only being desecrated in the brothel; they are also being *preserved* there, since to imitate these functions even blasphemously is to assume their authority. The real threat to the System lies not in whorehouse imposture but in a puritan rebellion that is being waged outside, dedicated to "reality" or the destruction of the whole artifice of Government, Clergy, Magistracy, and Army. The rebellion is successful in that individual functionaries, including the Queen, are killed, but a failure because the hieratic sanctions of two thousand years cannot be destroyed. Led by Madame Irma, who assumes the robes of Queen, the brothel Bishop, Judge, and General begin to play their imposture in earnest, and – exploiting the people's love of illusion and their need to worship images they can be unworthy of – immediately establish their authority. For Genet, in other words, all functions are the manufacture of fakery and sham, and the artifice of the brothel is identical with the make-believe of the world. If the whorehouse is a mirror of society, society, in turn, reflects the whorehouse.

Yet, the play goes even deeper than this mordant social comment, becoming at last a rebellious assault upon the very heavens. The agent of this revolt is the Chief of Police (Irma's failing lover and the leader of the Government forces). Although, having quelled the rebellion, he is hailed as the Hero and has a colossal mausoleum constructed in his honor, his real ambition is to be impersonated in the brothel and thus to become a part of the Nomenclature. In his longing after classical *gloire*, in his desire to be the "One and Only," in his lust for power even over God's functionaries, he actually aspires towards Godhead – and his Godhead finally is achieved. Simulated by an impersonator who castrates himself in the process (mutilation is the destiny of the Man-God, whether he be Dionysius, Osiris, or Christ), the Chief orders "grub for two thousand years" and descends into his tomb, while the rat-a-tat-tat of machine guns announces that religion, revolution, and the cycles of civilization have been completely redefined as purely erotic phenomena, and a new rebellion is beginning outside. The Grand Balcony has become, in the short course of the evening, society, the universe and the entire stage of history, as conceived by a cunning and diabolical mind.

It is, in short, a house that flies, and the Circle in the Square production, after a somewhat earthbound beginning, generally takes off as well. David Hays has designed highly ingenious mobile set units which are raised and lowered from the ceiling for each scene, and Patricia Zipprodt's costumes have an almost organic function in the play. While the performance as a whole is not always integrated, some of the individual parts are superbly and definitive-

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Notes on Contributors

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ly rendered: Nancy Marchand regal and sinister as the brothel-madam; Roy Poole sadistic and bullish as the Chief of Police; Betty Miller feline and fatigued as Irma's favorite whore; Jock Livingston pudgy and enigmatic as the Queen's envoy; Salome Jens lyrical, shining and luscious as the General's horse. I would quarrel with Jose Quintero's cutting, which leaves some of the work unnecessarily obscure (whole scenes have been excised instead of parts from each), but his direction is a model of lucidity and authority, and of humor, too, for the author is a comedian of the grotesque whose savagery quite often verges on farce. Jean Genet, who conceives of all life as theater, is one of the most theatrical of the modern dramatists; and the Circle in the Square, which has been wasting too much time lately in reviving Broadway's failures and successes, is once again fulfilling its experimental function with this ingenious, profound, and provoking play.

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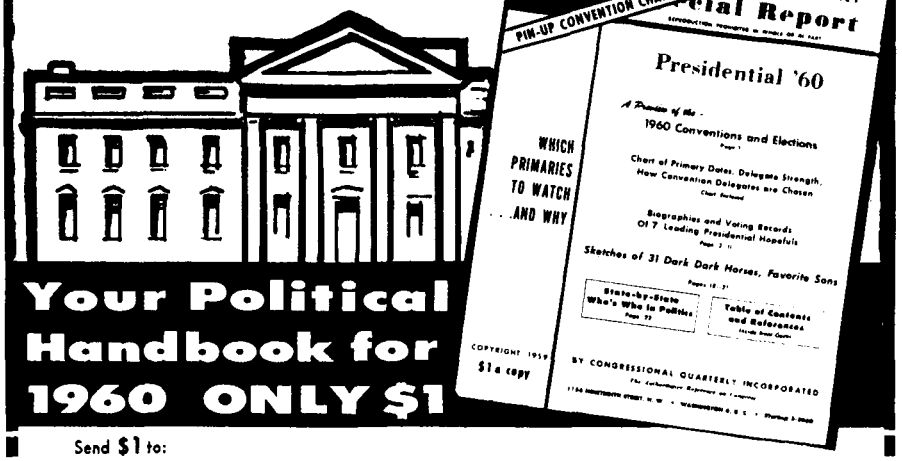

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Who'll Buy My Ideology?

Sirs:

Mr. Halle has good fun ridiculing the merchandising of ideologies (February 24). I fear, however, that he has underestimated the real demand for ideology and the success the Communists have enjoyed in filling that demand.

When his "nation of New Guinea" comes into being, it will find little guidance in its "own traditions and circumstances." The Communists will be ready, able, and willing to offer their guidance, suitably modified to meet New Guinean circumstances. After all, they have already succeeded in inspiring Communist parties in most parts of the world, including areas almost as primitive as New Guinea.

It is a very real problem for democrats, and not only for liberal democrats, but for democratic socialists as well. I can still recall the heartfelt complaint of U Kyaw Nein, the Burmese socialist leader, at the Hamburg conference of the Socialist International last summer:

> "You concern yourself too little with us [Asians]. The Communists send their instructors with their recipe to all our countries. But the [Socialist] International does no more than come up every two years with a resolution about human dignity."

David C. Williams
Americans for Democratic Action
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Halle replies:

I could not have "underestimated" the "demand for ideology," or "the success the Communists have enjoyed in filling that demand," since I did not address myself to these questions. What I did was to find fault with certain premises of our thinking, and with a vocabulary that assumes those premises. What Mr. Williams has now done, having missed my point, is to answer me in that very vocabulary. He has thereby provided an example of what I was talking about.

If we accept the supply-and-demand vocabulary that Mr. Williams uses, perhaps we ought to make a market-survey, find out what the New Guineans

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want in the way of ideology, and have Madison Avenue produce it for them, attractively packaged, on conditions that the Russian competition could not meet. But the use of this vocabulary is misleading, and if we are required to do our thinking in terms of it we shall not be able to think intelligently.

I said in my article that, where the conditions allow and our assistance is sought, we should "be willing to make great sacrifices to help" the underdeveloped peoples. One way in which I would help would be by inviting their youngsters to our best universities in maximum quantity, taking care of the expense. I would also supply them with any experts on the problems of setting up and operating government that they could usefully use. What I would not do is to send out a man with a line of patter to give them what pretends to be our officially warranted ideology.

We have to distinguish two things. One is *belief:* what is believed to be true, whether or not it happens to serve an ulterior purpose. The other is *ideology:* a body of putative belief devised for the purpose of drawing others into one's political orbit. Mussolini hired Alfredo Rocco to design an ideology for the market he had in mind, and Rocco produced "Fascism." This was such a success that the device caught on. A variant of "Fascism" was produced and marketed in Germany. In Spain, Franco put out "Falangism." In Argentina, Peron peddled "Justicialism." And there was already "Communism," designed by Marx and improved by Lenin for the education of the masses.

All this put us traditional liberals on the defensive and aroused our secret envy. We felt deficient in not also having an authorized ideology like the ones our totalitarian challengers had. If the Communists could gain so much territory with *Das Kapital,* and the Nazis with *Mein Kampf,* surely our public-relations experts, the best in the world, could produce some ideological copy that would prove irresistible! Madison Avenue was invited, forthwith, to come down to Washington.

The production of a saleable ideological package bearing the great seal of the United States, a package with which to challenge our opponents in the world's market-places, has been a frustrated preoccupation of our psychological warriors ever since. (When their annual budgets come up for consideration they are always able to place in evidence the complaint of a Burmese leader that we are leaving the field to *Mein Kampf* – or whatever it happens to be at the moment.) If there is nothing to show for all the years of their effort, that is because the undertaking has been based on a misconception. The misconception is that virtue can be prostituted and still be virtue, that truth can be exploited by psychological operatives for political advantage and remain truth. What the psychological-warfare planners have tried to do is to use the body of our traditional belief as an ideology with which to conquer or to hold strategic areas. But that body of belief cannot be subjected to such use without falsifying it in the process. Jefferson, marketed by hucksters, is no longer Jefferson.

Those who invented the slogan, "Ideas are Weapons in the War for Men's Minds" were ignorantly debauching our intellectual heritage, for ideas are not properly that. And those who go abroad to do battle under the slogan are no more representative of the heritage than a chimpanzee waving the American flag is representative of Americanism. This is what I meant by saying that, "in the long run, what we really are will count for more than the label we wear." The flag that is waved is less important than who does the waving.

Walter Lippmann, in 1955, went to the heart of the problem. The decline of "the public philosophy" has left an intellectual vacuum into which the fraudulent ideologies have entered (including the one which tells people that, if they will follow Jefferson, Lincoln, and Eisenhower, they too can make good money and ride in Cadillacs). The proper response to the problem is not to debauch what is left of "the public philosophy." The response is, rather, to clear away the trash under which our mass-communicators and others have buried the foundations of that philosophy, and so to rediscover those foundations.

All this does not constitute a quarrel with Mr. Williams. Perhaps he would agree with much of it. I repeat that my primary concern, here and in the article, has been semantic. I want to see us free ourselves from the false implications of our current cant. *Louis J. Halle*

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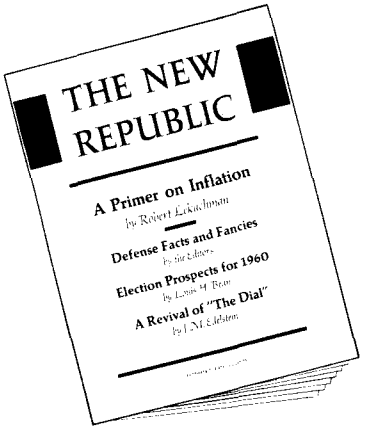

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